SIGN-POSTS to SUCCESS

The Good Old Times—There Were None!

By Herbert Kaufman

Cause for *complaint—TOMMYROT!*

Twist your *frown* into a *smile;* change your *grumble* into a *hurrah,* and thank Providence that you are *lucky* enough to participate in the *greatest* period of *history.*

The *past* was only a *helter-skelter*—a narrow, *aimless* road, along which humans for hoary *centuries* kept blindly *groping*—*hitting and missing* their way *onward,* advancing by *accident*—*hampered* and *fettered* and *handicapped* at *every* turn.

The *Stone* Age and the *Bronze* Age, the Age of *Heroes,* the Age of *Art* and the Age of *Exploration,* were, by contrast with the *Twentieth* Century, puny little *trickles* in the glass of Time.

Until a near *yesterday* ago, *might* was the only *right*—the *millions* were the *slaves* of *misery*—chained by *ignorance*—servile and cringing and *helpless.*

Society *classified* its members by *origin. Ninety* per cent of children were born with *inevitable* and *allotted* futures—the *son* of the *laborer* was *heir* to his *drudgery.*

The most predacious, audacious, arrogant and impregnable *monopoly* ever *conceived*—the great *Trust* of *Aristocracy*—dominated *power*—owned *office*—cracked the *whip* over *labor* and *capital* alike, *secure* behind *self-erected* barricades which withstood every *assault* and every *protest* except the *torch* of *revolution.*

The greatest *brute* was the *greatest lord*—the *long sword* and the *strong arm* were the *tools* of *success*—*Bigotry* and *Lust* and *Force* sat in *triumvirate sway* over the *universe.*

Tinseled *puppets* abrogated what *suited* their *fancy.* There was *no justice* for the *average.*

Science wore the cap of the *charlatan*—the *physician* was *tolerated* and *despised*—*surgery* was a *side line* of the *barber*—*Minerva* was a *scullery drab* in the household of *Mars*—Learning, a *Lazarus* supported by the *crumbs* of Dives.

The *glories* of the Renaissance? *Fiddlesticks!* Even mediaeval *palaces* were lit with *rush lights* and *flambeaux*—sewerage was an unknown equation—the *chilling blasts* of winter *roared* and *poured* without *hindrance* through the royal household—*summer,* with its *winged pests,* was a *nuisance* by *day* and a *torture* by *night.*

The very *nobility* knew fewer *real* comforts and *conveniences* than *you* can command with a *weekly wage.*

As *late* as the *Eighteenth Century* the general lot was *crude* and *mean.* Your *rich grandfather* suffered *discomforts* compared with which *your* surroundings are *luxurious.*

He found his travel *laborious* and *wearying*—he knew no *time-savers*—he had no *telephone*—he rode in a creaking *stage-coach* or on *horseback*—periodicals were *few* and *rare* and *costly.*

There were no *safeguards* to *communal health*—*epidemics* swept the land without *warning* and without *check*—*sanitation* was a *mystery*—amusements *primitive* and diversions *scant.*

Occupations were *few* and their scope *limited*—*artist* and *artisan* alike were *miserably* rewarded. Ambition found *barriers everywhere. Hampered* by restrictions of *opportunity* and *training,* it took *double* your *skill* and *double* your *will* to make the headway that *you* have *achieved.*

The "good *old* times"? There *were* none! They are here *now.*

You are getting *more* and paying *less* for it in *effort* and *hours*—your *welfare* is *guarded* with more *privileges*—your *independence* is more *thorough*—your *rights* are more *absolute*—than those of *any* generation since Ancestor Adam developed a fondness for *apples.*

English Woman of Boer War Fame in Washington

AN Englishwoman, Mrs. Melina Rorke, who holds a brilliant record of army field service in the South African war ,entitled to rank as major, personally decorated by King Edward with the Royal Red Cross, and the only commoner from whom the queen mother has ever accepted a gift, is now visiting in Washington. She is, besides, an actress of ability, an exceptionally fine horsewoman and one who can speak the language of many African tribes.

Mrs. Rorke is visiting her son, who is with Senator Hughes of Colorado. In English military circles she is called the "Florence Nightingale of the Boer war."

Her life has been picturesque. While she was born in England, she went to South Africa at the age of ten, and as she naively puts it:

"I was educated there in a convent and climbed over a stone wall to get married when barely fifteen. I grew three and a half inches taller after my marriage, and my boy and I were cutting teeth at the same time, for my last double ones did not come until after his birth. I am just fifteen years and ten months older than my son, and "we are sometimes taken for sweethearts, which isn't so very far from the truth, after all."

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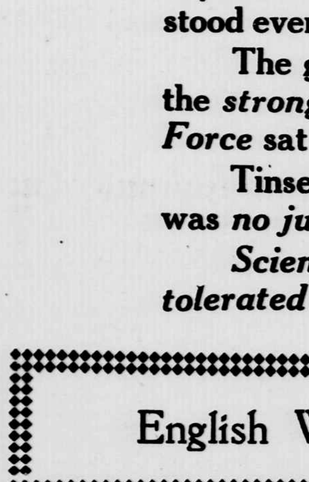
Mrs. Rorke graduated from the British Hospital, London, and obtained certificates for the "Nauheim" treatment. She also received a diploma from the London Obstetrical Society, which is the highest given in Europe for obstetrics, and entities her to attach L. O. S. to her signature.

When the South African war broke out



MRS. MELINA RORKE.

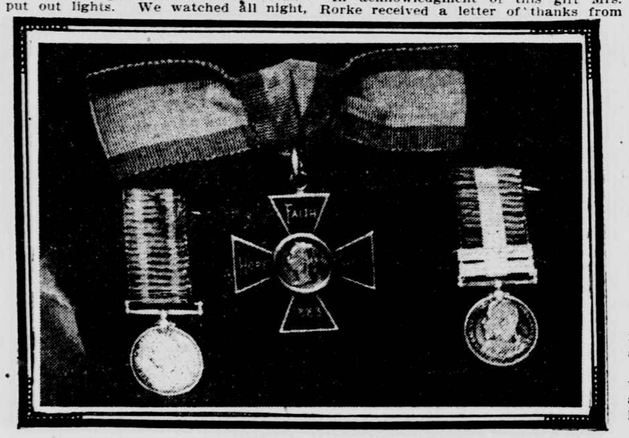
she had a private institution of her own at Bulawayo, but left it to follow the fortunes of the British forces.

In talking with Mrs. Rorke, it is difficult to realize she can have passed through the appalling scenes and dangers of that disastrous campaign, with its active guerrilla warfare.

"Did you serve all through the Boer war, and were you at the front and under fire?" she was asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I was the only woman with Gen. Plumer's column and was in charge of his base and field hospitals up to the relief of Mafeking, and subsequently was matron of the Victoria Hospital there. I was under fire so many times I cannot remember the number, and for over three months my clothing was never thoroughly dry.

"But I must tell you what happened at Lobatsi. One night the pickets gave the alarm that a large number of Boers were seen to be crossing from one mountain to another nearer our camp. Orders were at once given to stand to arms and put out lights. We watched all night, but no move being made by the enemy, it was decided to surround the mountain. You can imagine our surprise when we discovered that the supposed enemy were nothing worse than about 900 baboons. We had a jolly, good laugh over that experience, I can assure you."



ROYAL RED CROSS AND OTHER MEDALS AWARDED MRS. RORKE.

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When asked about the honors awarded her, she said:

"On my return to England I received the Royal Red Cross, a decoration which was conferred upon me by King Edward, in coronation honors, and pinned on by him personally in the throne room at Buckingham Palace with much ceremony. The king wore the uniform of a general, and the lords of the court in waiting were in full levee dress, and a great mass of troops were drawn up outside in hollow square. Believe me, I would not change that cross for the finest diamonds in the world, for I am very, very proud of it.

"I also have received through the war office the queen's medal for one year of active service, and the two-barred king's medal, for over two years of active service, a bar for every six times under fire. Many people do not understand the difference between a decoration and a medal. For instance, in England every soldier of a company is entitled, by law, to a medal after one year of active service, and for other reasons, but a decoration is only conferred upon those who have done some unusually meritorious work.

"The Royal Red Cross is the highest decoration in the world exclusively conferred on a woman. Through it I have the entree to every court of Europe, and at a 'drawing room' am entitled to take precedence of a marchioness. I am also entitled to R. R. C. after my signature.

"At the close of the war, in 1902, I was received by the Pope at the Vatican, at a private audience, and was also a guest for two weeks of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Sandringham, in the wing allotted to the convalescent officers, as I had become ill from overwork."

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The flag which floated over Mafeking during the siege, and made by the convent sisters there, was given to Mrs. Rorke. She in turn presented it to Queen Alexandra. Riddled with bullets and full of holes, it now occupies a prominent place in Windsor Castle. It is hanging in the main entrance to the armory, between the Transvaal flag—which flew over the capital all through the war—and one from Khartum, each suspended from an individual pole obliquely set in the wall.

In acknowledgment of this gift Mrs. Rorke received a letter of thanks from Charlotte Knollys, first woman of the bed chamber and secretary to H. R. H. Queen Alexandra, stating:

"The flag arrived safely and I was instructed to thank you very much for the kind thought which prompted you to offer it to the queen, and to tell you that her majesty will treasure this interesting memento of the late war in South Africa."

Mrs. Rorke was much praised by the press of South Africa, and holds letters of highest commendation from Gen. Sir Henry Plumer, Sir Arthur Lawley, Sir John Nicholson and many others connected with her military career.

She was appointed to the rank of major by Gen. Sir Henry Plumer, who commanded the Rhodesian forces; and was also in the "roll of honors for women." Mrs. Rorke explained: "This is an organization in England which elects twelve women to its roll each year whose achievements are considered the most worthy. To each one so elected a parchment is given, headed by an engraving of her own portarit, with the list of the twelve names below.

"It is, too, you know, a double reward to have had the royal red cross presented 'in coronation honors,' as this carries with it a separate distinction. It means that the recipient is one of the favored number that a newly crowned monarch has selected to honor, at the time of his jubilee, incident to ascending the throne of England."

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The decoration of the royal red cross is especially interesting from the fact that it exacts of a holder that she shall always live up to a high standard. When it is presented a printed edict does with it ,specifying that it shall be "worn on the left shoulder," and setting forth, among other things, the following:

"In order to make such additional provision as shall effectually preserve pure this honorable distinction it is ordained that if any person on whom such distinction shall be conferred shall by her conduct become unworthy of it her name shall be erased from the register of those upon whom the said decoration shall have been conferred."

Mrs. Rorke is unique in having mastered eight of the African native dialects. She also speaks the Boer language fluently, as well as Spanish and Portuguese. It is a far cry from the battlefield to a decollete gown behind the footlights, but such is Mrs. Rorke's versatility that she is quite equal to the change. She usually plays the society and grande dame parts, for which she seems well fitted by a good stage presence and the full, rich voice peculiar to Englishwomen. Last winter she played Lady Frampton in "The Stronger Sex" with the Annie Russell company.

Mrs. Rorke is not only "one of the best known women between Kimberley and Bulawayo," as stated in one of the South African papers, but is also widely known in England among a large circle of distinguished people. Before sailing for America she spent two months with Georgena, Countess of Dudley, at Braemar Castle in the north of Scotland, and counts Sir Arthur and Lady Lawley among her best friends. Lord Kitchener is also a personal friend, and on his recent visit to New York she was one of those who had the pleasure of dining with him there.

Left Behind.

THE late John Q. A. Ward, the noted sculptor, was in his youth a famous rider. At the Century Club in New York a brother sculptor said the other day:

"Ward once undertook to teach Blank, the etcher, to ride. Blank was game, and Ward the first week had him taking low fences.

"Then Blank's conceit got the better of him, and he went at a high, dangerous jump. Of course, he was shot out of the saddle. He somersaulted over the fence and landed in the next field on his head.

"Ward, hurrying up, said, to soothe Blank's feelings:

"'Splendid jump, old man! Done just the way I do it myself! Only—'

"Here Ward smiled.

—"'only, you know, I always manage to take the horse over with me.'"

Wit and Wisdom.

"BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON, in his hotel fronting the Tuileries Gardens, received a few friends up to the last in Paris," said the continental agent of a typewriter firm.

"I had the honor to be among those friends, and I never wearied of the great Norseman's wit and wisdom.

"The last thing he said to me, in cautioning me not to give an important Provencal agency to an easy-going man of the world, was this:

"'Beware the easy-going man. An easy-going man, you know, is one who makes the path of life very rough and difficult for somebody else.'"

In Dissipated Quag.

"THEY must think we are in a bad way here in New York," said Francis Wilson at the Players' Club. "They must think we are as hopeless as the temperance audience in Quag."

Mr. Wilson was condemning the proposed law to imprison for a year any person arrested twice for drunkenness. He resumed:

"A drummer attended a Quag temperance lecture one night. The audience was enthusiastic. It cheered every point that the lecturer made. Yet the lecturer had a red nose and a shaky hand, while an unpleasant odor of alcohol made the air of the hall heavy.

"'Are they all teetotalers here?' the drummer whispered to a neighbor, suspiciously.

"'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'all strict teetotalers—between the drinks.'"

Teaching Self-Government to Children

IN nearly every large city in the Union there is one or more schools where in active operation is being carried out an idea backed by former President Roosevelt and scores of other prominent Americans. This idea is the much-talked-of "school republic."

Since 1891, when the Patriotic League, which was the organizer of the system, sprang into existence, thousands and thousands of bright-faced children in all parts of the world have been taught by practical demonstration the value of student self-government.

Each school where the system is in force has its own government. This consists of a mayor, a judge, a council, a clerk of council, a health officer and a court of aldermen. These officers are elected by the children of the several schools and make the laws which govern the student body. Never a court met in a temple of justice that exhibits more sincerity in its conduct than do these school courts in their deliberations.

So successful has been the idea that this year it is planned to go a step further and introduce the system into the many vacation schools that are conducted in most of our large cities.

Wilson L. Gill, president of the Patriotic League, which has offices in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, is the inventor of the "school republic," or, as it is sometimes called, "the school city" idea.

Mr. Gill is primarily an educator. He has been described as "the apostle of democracy in education." His plan is not merely to put democracy in education, but to put education into democracy.

* * *

Mr. Gill conceived the idea that the best way to teach self-government is by putting self-government into the schools. He saw the truth that learning the chronology of histirocal events, imbibing the most intense devotion to the flag and learning the forms of civil government would not necessarily make the best citizen for a self-governing state.

WILSON GILL,
Inventor of the Plan.

Indeed, Mr. Gill observed as thousands of others have done, that the citizens who most habitually neglect their duties, those who take the least part in the processes of government and who are most indifferent to the failure of democracy in American cities, are the ones who have had the greatest opportunities to acquire education along the conventional lines.

So Mr. Gill, as a scholar and a patriot, devoted his trained intellect to a solution of the problems presented by the invincible indifference of so many Americans toward their cities and states.

How to cultivate in the minds of Americans the habit of thinking along the lines of self-government? That was the question. How to induce the average citizen to regard himself as an important part of the machinery of state, and to assume his responsibilities as such? The problem was pedagogical, psychological. It was a matter of mental training, and Mr. Gill, as an educator, thought out the answer.

He recalled the difficulties in the old days of teaching chemistry. Pupils were required to sit day after day in class and listen to learned lectures on analysis, and when the course was done they were turned out with a certain amount of theoretical knowledge of the science of chemistry. But they were not chemists. Not until the students were put into the laboratory and required to do actual work did they become chemists.

In other words, it was the old problem of learning to swim without going into the water.

* * *

So Prof. Gill determined that the way to teach self-government to the youth was to put them into the swimming tank of democratic institutions and let them learn the stroke by actual swimming. And not only let them learn the method, but let them exercise it until it becomes a habit with them, ingrained to second nature.

So he devised the school city. Under this plan each school to which it is applied is organized into a little self-governing community. It elects its own officers, makes its own laws subject to the higher power of the teacher, as the municipality is subject to the Constitution; appoints its own administrators and executives, and, as far as possible, puts the responsibility for the peace and order of the community on the little citizens themselves.

It was in 1897 that the school city plan was first tried in actual practice. In a certain New York school the discipline had reached so low an ebb that a policeman had to be stationed in the school yard all the time during sessions. Bernard Cronson, a teacher with a reputation as an unusual disciplinarian, and a member of the Patriotic League, was assigned to the school in the hope that he would be able to establish order. At the end of two weeks he was in despair, and, meeting Mr. Gill, told him of the situation.

Here was Mr. Gill's opportunity. He laid before Mr. Cronson his plan for school government by the pupils. Mr. Cronson determined to make the trial. Things couldn't be worse. They might be better. It was worth the effort.

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The pupils were told that they were to govern themseives. They exhibited enthusiasm. What was more surprising, they at once showed a sense of responsibility. In selecting their officers they seemed to weigh carefully the characters of the candidates, and to choose those who seemed best fitted to make wise rules and to force obedience to them.

When it became a matter of deciding between the right thing and the wrong thing, with their choice apparently free, the children were almost unanimous in their desire to do the right thing, or at least in the expression of a preference for it.

Mr. Cronson found his problem of discipline solved. Other schools noted for incorrigibility took up the idea, and it spread to many parts of the metropolis.

When this nation was governing Cuba, Gen. Wood introduced the school city idea into that island, and it was put into operation in 3,000 schoolrooms on the island. Theodore Roosevelt, as President, wrote a letter commending it as he had seen it in Cuba and New York.

One day while in his office in New York Mr. Gill was visited by the commissioner of education of the Argentine Republic. He had heard of the school city and had come to learn of its results.

While he was talking to Mr. Gill a commissioner from Japan entered. Before these two left a commissioner from Sweden had joined the group. An hour before not one knew of the others' existence.

Now nearly every big city in the United States has some school in which Gill principles have been put into operation. It has spread to the nations of Europe, to China, Japan and the islands of the sea.

It has proved, where rightly established and properly directed, a wonderful aid to discipline."

The object of the school city is to train the citizen from early childhood in the habits of democracy so that when he leaves school he will continue to exercise those functions wisely and diligently in the larger field of city, state and national citizenship.

CHEERING A NEWLY ELECTED MAYOR IN A NEW YORK SCHOOL.

Abusing the Broker.

"THE girl graduate," said Mrs. Tillie Treherne Cooke, the Atlanta lawyer, in a commencement address, "errs in treating man selfishly. Man remembers such treatment and later on he avenges it.

"A young girl is proud of her power over him, and she abuses this power too often. I know a beautiful Atlanta girl, for instance. A cotton broker is devoted to her. Yet, when the parlor maid told her the other afternoon that this cotton broker was at the door, she said:

"'Ask him in the drawing room, Jane, and then, as soon as he has laid his box of chocolates down, tell him I've gone out.'"

Sometimes.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, at the luncheon to Prince Tsai Tao in Mr. Schwab's vast and splendid mansion in Riverside drive is reported to have administered a smiling rebuke to the twentieth century type of business man.

"In my time it was different," said Mr. Carnegie, "but nowadays there are too many business men, who may be described like this:

"'Positive—They get on.

"'Comparative—They get honor.

"'Superlative—They get honest—sometimes.'"